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PRIZE COPYRIGHTED STORY A FATHER'S HEART

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By SEUMAS MAGMANUS

CONNAL BROGAN had been a kind father to Micky ever, and a loving one. In the endeavor to give "poor Micky, poor boy," the benefit of a schooling with Master McDonagh of Arditoal, Connal did both his own share of work on the little farm and the greater part of the share that should fall to *tee* Micky.

"The larnin'," he said, "I niver be a burden to Micky. It's aisy carried. I haven't much to give the poor boy (thanks be to God for all his mercies), but I can strive to let him have the bit iv larnin' anyhow, though I niver got it mesilf." And accordingly, except in the very throng of ware and harvest, Micky was only asked to go to the field on Saturdays and on the evenings of school days. And when Micky grew up and looked about him and saw that a young man's ambitions were not likely to be satisfied in poor Ireland he said:

"With God's help, father, I think I'll push out to Ameriky an' thry me fortune there."

His father said sadly, "Micky, don't leave me."

But Micky, though he was touched, replied:

"But, father, what is therè for a poor boy in Irelan'—what but hunger an' hardships?"

"Indeed, an' troth ye say thrué, Micky, mo paisdin," said his father, "but it 'll put hard upon me to have ye leave me."

"Arrah, father," Micky said in a tone that affected a courage which his heart did not feel, "don't talk that way. Sure if I go till Ameriky for a couple iv years—sure it isn't goin' out iv the wurrul' I am. Don't think, father, dear, that bekase I put a few miles atween us I'll forget ye."

"No, no, no! I don't think it at all, at all. I don't dhraim iv such a thing, Micky," his father said quickly.

"No, father, but I'll be fit to do somethin' both for yerself an' mesilf in thon (yon) country when I can't do for either iv us in this." Micky's father had to bow his head and let his boy go in peace to push both their fortunes. "Father," Micky said in his young enthusiasm on the morning of his departure, "I'll make a man iv ye afore I'm long in Ameriky, an' a man iv mesilf."

"God bless ye, Micky, a-chuisle mo chroidhe. God Almighty bless ye an' guard over ye."

And Connal Brogan cried salt tears when Micky, his joy and his pride, was

tim. Micky was a demoralized boy and forgot to write.

But, though Micky forgot his father, that father let not one waking hour pass in which he did not send long, long thoughts after "poor Micky." He knew not, did not for a moment suspect, what had really happened to Micky. When a boy returned to the parish from America, returned to Doolin, Ardaghie, Glenainy or Bindan from Boston, from Philadelphia, from Texas or Colorado, Connal Brogan spat upon his stick and went to visit the returned Yankee and from him sought for news of "poor Micky" in Brooklyn, and none of those who came from Brooklyn and knew Micky and knew how he was living, one day in a good position and well dressed, next day on the streets and in rags—not one of these had the heart to tell Connal how matters really were.

"Oh," they all said, "Micky is a gran' fella an' doin' fine."

Connal's heart was always raised at hearing this, and his joy rekindled.

"I'll warrant Micky's a gran' fella entirely?" he would say, with a question in his tone.

"Indeed an' he is a gran' fella out an' out," the Yankee would reply.

"An' doin' very fine, eh?"

"Very fine entirely, Connal—very fine, indeed."

"I'll warrant ye, I'll warrant ye," reflectively, poking the floor with his stick. "He's mindin' himself well, an' his religion, an' behavin' himself like he always knew how?"

It was often trying on the questioned one to carry on the untruths, but there was no way out of it. "Yis, indeed, mindin' his religion an' himself an' a moral (model) iv behavior."

"Yis, yis, that's Micky, that's poor Micky—a very moral iv behavior, as ye say. May God continue him so. What—what message did Micky sen' me?"

"Micky said: 'Give me poor father me love. Tell him keep up his heart, that I'm always thinkin' iv him an' that when I've made enough money he'll find me steppin' over the thresel (threshold) in to him some day, a gran' jingleman.'"

"Och, God Almighty bless poor Micky! Sure, I knew well he wasn't forgettin' me, an' all along I always knew that he'd come home to me a jingleman—the jingleman he was out for. Every night does I go on me knees, an' I put up a prayer to God for poor Micky, an' every mornin' I'm expectin'



He met with evil companions, who induced him to drink.

gone.

A lonely man now, Connal Brogan toiled on upon his little farm. Sadness was in his heart, but a buoyant hope also, which relieved the oppression. In a month's time came a cheery letter from Micky, who had landed safely and was going to do great things, of which his father would hear more in the next letter.

But, though the patient, hopeful, loving, poor father waited seven years looking for that next letter, it never came.

Micky had had a series of misfortunes. He did not get work as soon as he expected and during the period of anxious suspense could not write. He met with evil companions, who induced him to drink and drown thought, and then he would not write. When he got a position, he lost it again before he had saved money to send home and then did not like to write, and after this varied luck continued for some

an' prepared to see Micky, a fine jin-tleman, step in to me. God Almighty bless ye, Micky!"

And with every boy and girl who went away from the parish Connal sent the word: "Tell our Micky that I'm doin' well an' in gran' heart for hearin' all the fine reports entirely that comes home about him, tell him I know he'll always continue the moral iv behavior he now is, tell him I'm always waitin' for him, an' ax him—ax him maybe some time he'd have a spare minute an' not too throng—ax him if he could dhrap his father just wan line iv a letter, wan line, an' tell him God bless him."

But Brooklyn could not support Micky forever in his thoughtless career. He went from bad to worse till at length he was only too glad to avail himself of the offer of friends to subscribe and send him home to Ireland—friends who for kinship sake had come to be thoroughly ashamed of him and friends who had a regard for him because of his father. So over the water he was sent, his friends breathing a hearty "Thank God!" when his ship steamed away from the New York docks.

When, under cover of night, Micky, having walked thus far from the port of Derry, entered his own parish, he sat down under the Lazy Bush at the Poolbeg Cross, just one mile from his father's house. It was seven years past since last he saw the Lazy Bush, he reflected—seven years past since he, high hearted with hope and happy with his father's parting blessing, had tripped by this bush. He remembered how full of dreams his heart was that morning. The picture of his innocent self, bright and buoyant, stepping out briskly with head high in air that day and a band of comrades conveying him on his way, stood out before his eyes now with a saddening distinctness, and he remembered well saying to his convoy as they trotted cheerily on: "Boys, the day Micky Brogan comes back, a Yankee, will be a big day for Inver. It's me'll make the money spin, or I'll give ye wan gay night anyhow."

And, remembering this, he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out both the contents and the pocket itself. There were a two shilling piece, a sixpence and four pennies.

"An' the clothes on me back," he said then, "but pitiful wans enough for a come home Yankee!" which was deplorably true. For the first time since he had set out, his resolve to go to his home and to his father weakened, and he wavered for several minutes.

"Och! Och!" And he relieved himself of a sigh. "I'll go in God's name. If I hadn't a penny in me pocket or a stitch to me back, I'd meet a welcome from me father," he said then, with grim resolve.

When he came to his father's door, his weaker self told him to linger and to look in at the window, but his grimmer self said, "Micky, if ye linger yer lost." He boldly lifted the latch and strode into the room. His father, with now a tinge of gray in his hair which had not been there in Micky's time, was sitting on a low stool smoking and so intently gazing into the blaze on the hearth that Micky's coming in did not rouse him. Micky stood a few moments in the center of the floor and then strode up to the fire to his father's side, when suddenly his father looked up and then stood up and said:

"Sthrange, I beg yer pardon, but I was thinkin'. Take that sain."

"I'm comin'—back from Ameriky," Micky said.

"From Ameriky! Indeed, an' yer welcome then, ceud failte." And he took Micky's hand and shook it heartily. "Sit down, man. Any wan from Ameriky is welcome here, for I have

in that country a boy iv me own—a boy whose like ye wouldn't meet an' thravel from here to there an' back again. A fine boy he is entirely an' the best behaved in Ameriky, an' it's me is the proud father for him. Maybe ye come across him in yer thravels. He's Micky—Micky Brogan. He's fair hair-ed like yerself, but a dail stouter an' hardier, an' he carries himself like a king's son. Would ye have met him at all in yer thravels?"

Micky had had to lean his shoulder against the brace and had let his head drop. He said, "No, no!"

"Ah, pity ye didn't meet with poor Micky! God's blissin' be about him! But sit, man, sit. Yer far from strong lookin'. Ameriky didn't agree with ye, poor fella, or ye overwrought yerself. Yer not from this neighborhood?"

"I'm not," Micky said quickly. "I'm from the lower en' iv Killaghee. I'll not sit. I thank ye for yer civility. I just stepped in for a dhrink, for I was feelin' dhrouthy."

"Poor fella—surely, surely." His father handed him a great bowl of milk. "Ye'll not move till ye ait, too," he said.

"I couldn't ait if ye paid me for it. I tuk a hearty male at Donegal, an' the dhrouth's left me, too," he said, leaving down the bowl of milk when he had put it to his lips.

"It's sorry I am that ye didn't meet our Micky. In throht an' it's him is ever glad to see any wan ever left the barony, an' it's him makes much iv them. Ye would 'a' been proud iv Micky if ye had seen him. Them that comes home, that has seen Micky, they'd never tire talkin' iv him, the gran' fella entirely, an' credit to his father, that he is. An' he'd 'a' been sendin' such heartsome messages to me with ye. Och, God bless Micky!" The Yankee was moving very uneasily from one foot to another, but Connal stood between him and the door.

"Poor Micky's doin' better than ever a boy wint out iv the parish afore or since. Every wan comes home tells me that. But he couldn't otherwise nor well, for he was the fond son iv his father. Micky, goin' away, said he'd never forget me, an' he never did. An' I'm waitin' every day ever I rise wantin' to see Micky, a jin-tleman from the crown iv his head to the sole iv his foot, come sthridin' in iv that doore with his two hands out to the father he never forgot. An' after that any time God chooses to call Connal Brogan he'll die a happy man. God Almighty bless poor Micky!"

In a thick voice and tremulous Micky Brogan said, "Good night—thanky!" and went hurriedly out into the darkness.

* * * * *

One night some years after a handsome fellow, elegantly dressed, sat him down beneath the Lazy Bush at the Poolbeg Cross and was lost in thought for some time. He drew out a little bag, which opened on a running string, and looked at the little treasure of gold pieces that it held—and smiled. He put the bag into his pocket again and, getting to his feet, pushed forward. He lifted the latch on Connal Brogan's door and strode in. There was a man dreaming by the fireside. The stranger said thickly "Father!" and the old man bounded to his feet with a cry that almost seemed one of pain. The stranger had his arms extended. "Father!" he said. "Father! Micky has come home to you!"

And when his father's gray head lay on his shoulder he said, "Father, I said I wouldn't forget!"

"God's grace be on ye, Micky, mo paisdin! Sure, for wan short minute in all these twelve long years I never doubted ye—I never doubted ye!"

THE BREAKING OF ANSON PETTIGREW

Copyright, 1903,
By Francis Lynde

ROM the day when he made his first inspection trip over the line it was a case of premeditated dislike for Superintendent Greby's successor, and before Pettigrew got his office chair well warmed the men on the western division were ripe for revolt.

There were reasons, such as they were. For one, Pettigrew was a young man and a college graduate; for another, he had succeeded old man Greby, whose bark was ferocious, whose bite was never worse than a sharp nip and who was rather proud of his ascent from his beginnings as a section boss. Lastly, Pettigrew was something of a martinet in the matter of discipline, and discipline as he defined it had hitherto been an unknown quantity on the western division.

"I tell you, boys, I'm givin' him just about six months to stay out here for his health," said Abel Griscom at the roundhouse caucus of enginemens convened to "cuss and discuss" the new superintendent. "Why, they tell me 'at back in that Boston college where he got his brand he used to wear a gownd, like a woman."

"An' they do be tellin' me he doesn't know the difference between a hog an' a mogul," put in Lafferty. "'Twas on'y yesterdays the engine dispatcher sez to 'em, 'Misther Pettigrew,' sez he, 'thim engines av the 300 class do be too light for thrain siventeen,' sez he. 'Will I be sindin' out the camilback?' sez he. 'That's the camilback?' sez this new dickie b'y. 'Sure, 'tis the new Baldwin,' sez McMurtie. 'Oh, the cnsolidation, ye mane,' sez the boss."

A laugh greeted this fresh proof of the new superintendent's unsophistication, and the gibe at college graduates in general and at Mr. Anson Pettigrew in particular went the round of the caucus.

But big John Macartney, the engineer of the fast mail, put in a word for tolerance when he got up and stretched himself preparatory to the daily inspection of the huge mail fler.

"Don't you fellows be too swift about makin' up your minds," he said. "As you say, Abe, it takes a whole man to run this division, but I ain't so blessed sure we haven't got one. Hold your breath a little while till you see what he's made of."

"Aw, go on! He's a tailor made; that's what he is," growled "Black Jack" McCann, the runner of the Overland express. McCann was the head and front of the critical opposition, and when he added that he would bet a month's pay that time would prove all things derogatory to Mr. Anson Pettigrew there were no takers.

In the meantime the new superintendent was having a rather uncomfortable experience in the chair warming process. It is a standing accusation against the newly appointed official in the railway service that he always brings an executioner's ax, well sharpened and thirsty for heads. But there are two sides to that shield, or, rather, the shield itself is bounded by an endless circle of cause and effect. With the fear of the ax to unsettle them the employees lose their esprit de corps, the loss finds expression in recklessness, the recklessness in disaster, and then the ax comes in play.

Pettigrew knew all this beforehand,

and he had determined to keep the ax well in the background. But trouble met him at the office threshold. Superintendent Greby had taken his chief clerk with him, and a new office chair had to be installed at once. Pettigrew made the mistake—the generous mistake—of promoting the man next in line, with the result that every other man in the office became the unwilling underling of one who had but now been a fellow underling.

From Pettigrew's own office as an epidemic center the disaffection spread like the measles, first to the train dispatchers, then to the trainmen and the shops, and everything the new superintendent did was given an unfriendly twist.

When he suggested mildly to "Hard Up" Walker that the engineer of a crack passenger train looked more in keeping with his job in clean overalls and jumper than in a greasy frock coat and a narrow brimmed derby hat two sizes too large, a howl of "Despotism!" went up from one end of the division to the other.

When he insisted, also mildly, but firmly, that speed recorders in freight cabooses were made for use and were not to be adjusted with a coupling pin when the conductor wanted to do a little wild running, they called him a tyrant, and when he discharged Adam Larkin for smashing his recorder there was open talk of a strike.

As a matter of course, such a state of affairs soon made itself felt in a lack of efficiency at all points. Dispatcher Lohengrin went to sleep in the middle of his trick one night and let two freights find each other on Jack mountain. His successor, a man who, as it turned out, had forged his letters of recommendation, lost his head and let the fast mail telescope a stock train between stations, killing Macartney's fireman and the conductor of the freight.

After this a very demon of disaster ran amuck on the western division, and the right of way was bestrewn with smashed cars and ditched engines. Pettigrew set his teeth and held on like a man, but he knew it was only a question of time when the frightful record would break him, when the general manager would intimate that a change of physicians was sometimes the only hope for a sick patient or a sick division.

"I seem to have struck a bit of pandemonium out here, a remnant of chaos and old night," he wrote in a letter to the friend of his youth. "We read in the book that the devil is to be loosed at the end of some certain millennium. He's loosed here now. The business of this office has come to be the making of the daily report of smashes."

"I can't begin to account for all the disastrous confusion. I have practically the same set of men that my predecessor had, and, as for my own part, if I don't know my trade I ought to. And yet the most unheard of things are continually happening. Last week"—And from this he went on to recount some of the unheard of happenings.

It was after office hours when he finished the private letter, and he had a little twinge of contrition when he found that he had been keeping Miss

Gray, the stenographer, who was still waiting for him to sign the day's correspondence.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Gray," he said. "I had quite forgotten."

He signed the batch of letters and, last of all, the terrible casualty report—two more engines in the ditch and three men hurt, one of them past mending, so the division surgeon wired.

Pettigrew dropped the pen, got up hastily and went to stand at the window looking out upon the yards. Miss Gray waited patiently. She was young, but she was a woman grown, with a woman's sympathetic insight. She had been watching Anson Pettigrew's stubborn fight against fate, and she was heartily sorry for him. She saw, as no one but a clear eyed woman sitting at the best possible vantage point of view could see, how he had missed his opportunity.

After a time Pettigrew came back to his desk with the light of a sudden resolution in his eye.

"Take another letter to the general manager, if you please," he said curtly, and he began to dictate.

"You will see by the accompanying casualty report that our ill luck is still with us. Upon mature consideration I have come to believe that the best interests of the company demand a change in the management of this division. Therefore I beg leave to tender herewith my resignation, to take effect!"

He stopped because Miss Gray's flying pencil had stopped and she was looking up at him with something more than surprise lying at the bottom of the deep walled eyes. "Oh, no; not that!" she said quickly, and then she looked away from him.

He stared at her as he might have stared at the first president's picture over his desk if that had suddenly spoken to him. Then he said, "Why not?"

"Excuse me, please," she entreated, turning back to her notebook. "I had

should not resign?"

"There is every reason." She said it warmly, with another upward flash of the clear seeing eyes. "What would you think of a soldier, an officer, who resigned under fire?"

Pettigrew pulled himself together and tried to remember that he was the division superintendent and she was his stenographer—for decent discipline's sake. But the barrier of sham dignity fell down and his better sense told him that they were for the time only a man and a woman as God made them, a man in sore trouble and a woman who would help him if she could.

"Go on," he said humbly. "It appears to me that my course is the only justifiable one."

She shook her head. "No; you haven't done all."

"It is very evident that I haven't done the right thing," he rejoined.

She pushed the pencil and notebook away as if to remind him that their business relation was suspended for the moment.

"Can you bear a little truth?" she asked, with the ingenuousness of a young woman who, the business relation apart, could take her place instantly as his equal.

He gazed at her with interest newly aroused. He had been regarding her as a mere bit of the office machinery, the only bit that never gave him any trouble by getting out of gear. But now he saw the real Agnes Gray, the daughter of the brave army officer who, he had been told, had given his life in battle with the Utes when the C. and G. R. was fighting its way through the reservation.

"I can bear anything better than defeat, Miss Gray. What should I do that I have failed to do?"

Her reply was shotlike in its directness. "You are a master of men in name and title and authority. You must be so in fact. I can't tell you how; that is a man's work. But it can be done, and you can do it."

She put a little of the fine fervor of herself into him. He reached for the notebook and drew his pen through the unfinished letter of resignation. As he did it the door opened and the train master came in to say that the wreck train was going out to pick up the remains of the latest smash and to ask if there were any special orders.

"No," said Pettigrew. "I'll go with you." He shut his desk, and as he passed her he said, "Good night, Miss Gray, and—I thank you."

To say that Train Master Dougan was surprised is putting it mildly. Not in any of the late frequent calls for the wrecking train had the new superintendent taken the field.

"We'll have to wait a few minutes till I can get your car out, Mr. Pettigrew," he said as they were hurrying down the electric lighted yard, and then he had the second shock of surprise.

"I don't want the car. The wreck engine is good enough for you and the men. It is good enough for me."

That night the train master, the crew of the wreck train and what was left of the crews of the two derailed freights had a revelation made them. They discovered that the new superintendent not only knew how to clear a badly obstructed track most expeditiously, but that he could also be a man among men, directing, commanding, cheering and even laying hold with his own hands at a pinch.

Never in all the history of the division had the kinks been taken out of a piled up string of box cars so quickly and so easily, and on the run back to Grand Butte with the "remains" Pettigrew clinched the nail by riding on the engine with Abel Griscom.

Relieved of his presence in the caboose, the men discussed this new

phase of the superintendent freely.

"Took hold just like old man Greby, didn't he?" said Simmons, the derrick man. "B'gosh, it reminded me of old times!"

"Yes, and, by gravy, he knows how, too!" cut in the shop foreman. "Why, I believe he could swap jobs with any of us if he had a mind to."

"That's nothin'," said Lanagan, the little Irish machinist, who never failed to get in double time on the wrecking train when the opportunity offered. "They tell me that nowadays they do be puttin' them college b'ys right in the shop to shtudy the thrade practickil. But, sa-ay, did ye see him wid the pipe?"

"What pipe was that, Jerry?"

"Mine, thin, begob! Whin we was wigglin' at that lasht box he tuk a broke up cigyar out av his pocket. 'Dash it,' sez he, 'tis the lasht wan I had! Lind me the loan av yer pipe, Lanagan.' An' I shtud back an' gaped at him whin he plugged the black duh-deen an' shtuck it betwane his teeth. 'Losh!' sez I to meself. 'There's the makin' av a gentleman in ye, after all,



They drew him up through the broken window.

Mister Pettigrew!"

While the men in the caboose were conning the newly learned lesson Abel Griscom was making yet other discoveries in the cab of No. 717. Since the freight smash had happened between stations the wreck train had to feel its way under a flag to the nearest telegraph office, and during the flag following preface to the homeward run the superintendent sat on the fireman's box and said nothing.

But when Abel climbed aboard at Arroya, with his running orders for Grand Butte, Pettigrew shook himself awake.

"What are the orders, Griscom?" he asked.

"Run to meet No. 17 at Guernsey."

Pettigrew glanced at his watch. "Pretty narrow margin, isn't it? Let me take her to Guernsey." And there-with he swung himself up to Griscom's box, dropped the reversing lever into the corner and took the slack of the long, loose coupled train as gently as if he had had an eye on each one of the chain toggles that were doing duty for missing drawbars on the "crip-

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"Oh, no; not that!" she said quickly.
no right to say that—or anything." Then she gave him his cue—"my resignation, to take effect!"

He pushed the cue aside in an impatient gesture. "We will waive the technical question of right. Is there the smallest defensible reason why

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ples."

"Say, boys, he's been givin' us the laugh all along," said Abel, recounting it for the benefit of the roundhouse contingent the next day. "What he doesn't know about gettin' the last hair kink out of an engine ain't worth findin' out. By Jacks, the way he tolled that string of cripples around the corners to make time was a caution to sinners! Known right where he had to ease off and right where he could turn her loose for every jolt of speed them cripples 'ud stand. Maybe, as you say, he ain't no railroad man, but I'm tellin' you, when it comes to runnin' a played out scrap heap like 717, he's Old Man Science hisself."

Pettigrew was at his desk as usual the morning after the wrecking trip, and when Miss Gray came in to take his dictation the thousand miles of rank and file etiquette lay between them again. If the man were grateful, he was too well trained and well bred to show it, and if the young woman were curious to know what had come of the momentary breaking down of the barrier it served only to make her a little more precise and machinelike in her attitude toward Mr. Anson Pettigrew.

For a fortnight after this the epidemic paused. There were smashes enough to show the microbe was still at work, but the casualty report was shorter and less frequent; also there were signs of returning loyalty, as when some of the older men began to speak of the superintendent as "Old Man Ans" and to admit guardedly that in exceptional instances a college man and a gentleman might likewise be a good railroad man.

But the "sick" division went back to health positive one moonlit night in December when all the dun plains and heaved up mountains lay stark and glistening under a mantle of frozen snow and the main line of the western division was lost to sight save for the endless procession of ice incrusted telegraph poles and two black streaks in the snow to mark the parallels of the rails.

Train No. 6, the east bound Overland, Farnham conductor and Jack McCann engineer, was fifty minutes late, and it carried a freight precious to many, not least of all to the black browed man who crouched on the engineer's box of the flying locomotive. "Black Jack," as the men called him, had been alternating between two moods all the way from Lone Pine. When he thought of the wife and baby girl riding on a pass in the rear sleeper, "as good as anybody, by thunder!" the grimness went out of him and you might have smitten him without fear of instant death. But when he thought of the superintendent's car added to the already overburdened train at Lone Pine he swore viciously.

"Just like him," he growled, adding a string of vicious expletives—"tailin' his blank blank car on to me a night like this! And like as not he'll have me on the carpet tomorrow for not makin' time with his blanked private sleep wagon!"

But if the rear sleeper of No. 6 carried two women souls priceless to the black browed engineer it also carried another lately grown very dear to the superintendent, for Agnes Gray was one of the sleeper passengers, returning from a visit to her cousins in Salt Lake.

No word saye of business had passed

between them since that evening of barrier breaking, but in some indefinable way Pettigrew knew that he was fighting his battle and winning it partly for sheer manhood's sake, to be sure, but also because the high ideals of this clear eyed young woman were holding him to the mark.

So, while McCann, sending the big engine headlong at the grades, was thinking of his wife and child, Pettigrew, at the other end of the train, was thinking of the blow in store for Miss Gray—thinking of it and cursing the hard fate that would make him deal the blow with his own hand.

But fate, lying in wait at the foot of the Jack mountain grade in a frost fractured rail, had another word to say, and it was said with terrible emphasis.

McCann felt the broken rail when the engine shot over it, and what a man may do to stop a train going at a forty-five mile gait was done in a half dozen choking heart beats. Then he leaned far out of his window to look back, with all the blood in his veins turning to ice. One after another of the cars in the slowing train lurched over the break, righted itself and trundled on securely until the turn of the rear sleeper came. That lurched, like the others, and for a flitting instant McCann thought it would pass the break in safety. He was mistaken. While he looked the Pullman swung out of line with a bumping crash, broke its coupling and plunged down the embankment, dragging the superintendent's car with it.

McCann was off in a flash, yelling like a demoniac and racing back while set the brake shoes were grinding sparks from the moving wheels. But, quick as he was, the fire in the Pullman's heater was quicker, and by the time he had run half the train's length the wreck was vomiting flame and smoke from the broken windows.

There was help a-plenty at hand and, what was more to the purpose, a leader of approved temper. Pettigrew had come out of his overturned car with nothing worse than a few cuts and bruises, and he took command at once. "Stand by with three or four more to help me, and set everybody else at work piling on snow," he said to Farnham, and with that he dropped through a broken window and began passing the imprisoned occupants of the Pullman up to the willing hands above.

As it chanced, Miss Gray was one of the first. "Thank God!" he gasped when he found her. "Are you hurt?"

"No, not badly, I think," she said. "Go to the others first. There is a baby in section 3."

"Not if there were a hundred babies! Come." And he wrapped her in the berth curtains and handed her up to Farnham.

Happily the Pullman's load was light, and three minutes later, when Pettigrew groped and stumbled through the blinding smoke with the engineer's wife in his arms, he had forgotten the baby and thought he had them all. But when he was dragging himself up out of the smoking furnace there was a tumult afoot, and a black browed man mad with grief and despair was shouting in frenzy.

"My baby! My baby! Out of the way and let me get down there! O God in heaven!"

It was too late, they said, and they held him back, but there was no one to hold Pettigrew, and he dropped once more into the roaring furnace—dropped and groped, fighting as only a brave man can fight for the life of another. And in the end he won, as a brave man will, and when they drew him up through the broken window his eyes were shut and the iron hand of suffocation was gripping at his throat, but he had the baby safely swathed in a berth blanket.

In some occult way the saving of Jack McCann's baby wrought the miracle of healing, and the end of the disaster epidemic dated from that moonlit night and the wreck of No. 6. Just how the miracle was applied is meat for the psychologists, but Lafferty explained it in a single syllogism: "Begob, thin, an'-why not? Sure, there's nivver an omadhaun on the division as wouldn't sit up nights f'r Ould Man Ans affter that!"

Pettigrew lay a week in bed to pay for his part in the miracle and had the urgent business of his office brought to his room by the chief clerk. This was how he learned that Miss Gray was ill and had not yet reported for duty. Naturally, then, the first use he made of the doctor's permission to get up was to go and call upon her, ostensibly to inquire after her health, but really to rid himself of a burden which had grown intolerable. For all this time he had been carrying in his pocket the general manager's order directing that all women employees be eliminated from the C. and G. R. service.

It was Miss Gray herself who answered his ring, and she was glad to see him and said so.

"I was hoping you would come," she admitted. "I have something to say to you which it will be easier to say to Mr. Anson Pettigrew than to the—er"—

"The boss?" he suggested. "I am glad you put me on the friendlier footing. I, too, have something to say, and"—

"I know," she laughed. "You are going to scold me for not going back to work. Then I shall assume to be very angry and tender my resignation."

His sigh of relief was almost a gasp. "Miss Gray, do you mean that? Is that what you were going to say?"

"I do, and it is," she said, answering both halves of the query. "I came of age last week. I am free, white and twenty-one, as we should say down in the dear old south land, and a little property of my grandfather's"—

"I understand," he cut in. Then he got up, took a letter from his pocket and laid it carefully upon the glowing coals in the grate. "Your resignation is accepted. Now, will you hear what I have to say?"

"Yes, but you can't scold me now, can you?"

"God forbid!" He crossed the room and sat down beside her. "Do you remember one evening in the office when we both laid aside the business conventionalities and you told me what I must do?"

She nodded.

"That talk made a man of me—made me whole again, for I was fairly broken. Agnes, dear, I—the business can't run without you. Won't you come back into the service as—my wife?"

It was a nine days' wonder for the force in the superintendent's office when it became noised about that Agnes Gray had "quit between two days," but the riddle resolved itself a few months later when she came back on the western division as Mrs. Anson Pettigrew.

It Depended.

"Sweet maid, be mine! Wilt name the day?"

He pressed in warm appeal.

"That all depends," she sighed. "First say

Dost bike or automobile?"

"Neither," he answered, "but I hold The card at Swelton links

For sixteen holes at golf"—"Ah, then,"

Cried she, "you'll do, methinks."

—New York Herald.

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Children's Prattle

AT a rich merchant's house there was a children's party, and the children of rich and great people were there. The merchant was a learned man, for his father had sent him to college, and he had passed his examination. His father had been at first only a cattle dealer, but always honest and industrious, so that he had made money, and his son, the merchant, had managed to increase his store. Clever as he was, he had also a heart, but there was less said of his heart than of his money. All descriptions of people visited at the merchant's house, well born as well as intellectual, and some who possessed neither of these recommendations.

Now it was a children's party, and there was children's prattle, which always is spoken freely from the heart. Among them was a beautiful little girl who was terribly proud, but this had been taught her by the servants and not by her parents, who were far too sensible people.

Her father was groom of the chambers, which is a high office at court, and she knew it. "I am a child of the court," she said. Now, she might just as well have been a child of the cellar,

"Yes, and my papa," said the little daughter of the editor of a paper—"my papa can put your papa and everybody's papa into the newspaper. All sorts of people are afraid of him, my mamma says, for he can do as he likes with the paper." And the little maiden looked exceedingly proud, as if she had been a real princess, who may be expected to look proud.

But outside the door, which stood ajar, was a poor boy, peeping through the crack of the door. He was of such a lowly station that he had not been allowed even to enter the room. He had been turning the spit for the cook, and she had given him permission to stand behind the door and peep in at the well dressed children who were having such a merry time within, and for him that was a great deal. "Oh, if I could be one of them!" thought he. And then he heard what was said about names, which was quite enough to make him more unhappy. His parents at home had not even a penny to spare to buy a newspaper, much less could they write in one, and, worse than all, his father's name and of course his own ended in "sen," and therefore he could never turn out well, which was a very sad



SHE STUCK OUT HER PRETTY LITTLE ARMS.

for no one can help his birth, and then she told the other children that she was well born and said that no one who was not well born could rise in the world. It was of no use to read and be industrious, for if a person was not well born he could never achieve anything. "And those whose names end with 'sen,'" said she, "can never be anything at all. We must put our arms akimbo and make the elbows quite pointed, so as to keep these 'sen' people at a great distance." And then she stuck out her pretty little arms and made the elbows quite pointed to show how it was to be done, and her little arms were very pretty, for she was a sweet looking child.

But the little daughter of the merchant became very angry at this speech, for her father's name was Petersen, and she knew that the name ended in "sen," and therefore she said as proudly as she could, "But my papa can buy a hundred dollars' worth of bonbons and give them away to children. Can your papa do that?"

thought. But, after all, he had been born into the world, and the station of life had been chosen for him; therefore he must be content.

And this is what happened on that evening.

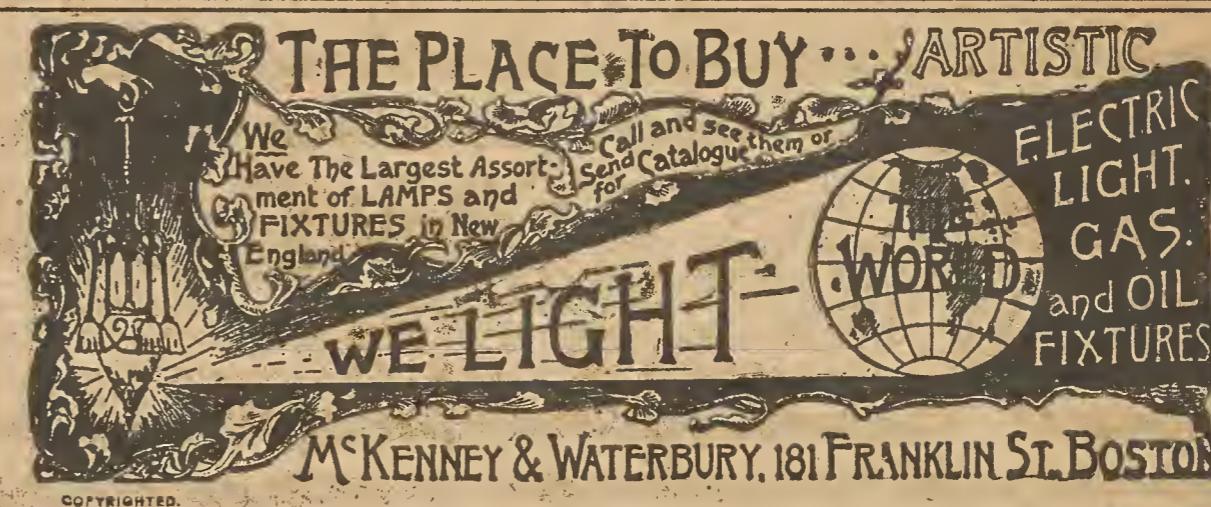
* * * * *

Many years passed, and most of the children became grownup persons.

There stood a splendid house in the town, filled with all kinds of beautiful and valuable objects. Everybody wished to see it, and people even came in from the country round to be permitted to view the treasures it contained.

Which of the children whose prattle we have described could call this house his own? One would suppose it very easy to guess. No, no; it is not so very easy. The house belonged to the poor little boy who had stood on that night

behind the door. He had really become something great, although his name ended in "sen," for it was Thorwaldsen.



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NEWS AND COMMENT.



HE department at Washington propose to issue a distinctive set of stamps for the Philippines, and it is more than likely that these stamps will be followed later by a special set for Porto Rico.

A publisher of an English magazine offered to send a Columbian postage stamp with every copy of a certain issue of his paper. Fifteen thousand stamps were ordered of a reliable house in Paris and passed upon as genuine. It was not until after a large number of them had been sent out that a reader of the paper discovered that the stamps were all counterfeit. The imitations were so cleverly made that neither the dealer nor the publisher noticed the forgery in time to prevent the distribution of the bogus stamps.

THE 1905 10-CENT CATALOGUE OF THE STAMPS OF ALL NATIONS

After a slight delay and the ungrounded fears of a few that the 1905 Collector's Own Catalog would never appear again, the book suddenly evolved, greatly improved because of the extra time spent upon its general make-up, including the addition of new issues. Nobody who has seen the 1905 edition regrets the delay. The printing is clearer, the book is more complete; and a yellow cover sets it off to better advantage in the show window. The catalogue is sold this year by practically all stamp dealers in the United States and Canada and should be ordered of the dealer who supplies you with stamps. The price charged by all is 10 cents, and any collector who examines the new edition will say that the book is well worth the price asked.

UNREASONABLE DEMANDS

Although the old-time "stamp season" days are fast dying out because every month of the year is now a stamp season month, yet it is a well-known fact that soon after the holidays the stamp business grows brisk. January to June are the six busy months of the year, when dealers get large mails which are often too bulky to handle in a single day, and slight delays are often the result. Collectors in ordering goods should bear this in mind and wait a reasonable time for the goods to be sent them before

making a complaint. Young collectors are sometimes quite unreasonable in expecting returns and think a letter ought to travel across the continent in about twenty-four hours, instead of several days, perhaps imagining that letters are sent that distance through pneumatic tubes, as they are from one end to the other of a large city. Very young collectors make various other mistakes sometimes. One fellow, not long ago, ordered a thousand stamps of one of our dealers and fearing that he would have to pay for the transportation, ordered the stamps sent by freight. He had never seen so many stamps in his life and did not think it was possible to send a thousand in a single package by mail.

Two new stamps, 10 and 20 o value, have been issued by Denmark. A 2p king's head has appeared from the Cape of Good Hope. The shade of green on the 1p stamp of Great Britain has been changed to a pale yellow green.

The International Postal Congress holds its next meeting in Rome. The 1904 session was postponed until 1905, and in the lapse of time considerable business of more or less importance to the philatelic world has been collecting for disposal at the Congress to meet in April.

From time to time we have had something to say regarding an album designed more especially to meet the needs of the average collector than any album we believe now published. We wonder how many readers would be interested in a full description of this album and how to make it out of a cheap blank book. If enough express a wish to have a series of articles on this new album, we will be willing to publish cuts of all the issues of stamps, with dates beneath each, and these can be cut out and pasted into the home-made album as a guide to the arrangement of the stamps therein. Let us hear from our subscribers on this subject.

There are novel methods of advertising a stamp business to-day, and the firm who offered a chewing gum concern several million common foreign stamps if the latter would include one stamp with the stamp dealer's advertisement printed on the back, in each package of gum, certainly deserves credit and a rush of business.

A king's head envelope stamp is expected soon from Canada.

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THE YOUTH'S REALM SCIENTIFIC CLUB
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Experiments In Arkansas Waters Reveal Presence of Strange Element.

Experiments conducted by government scientists on the federal reservation at Hot Springs, Ark., seem to have proved conclusively that there is radium in those springs. It is well known that radium is the only substance



PHOTOGRAPH MADE BY HOTSPRINGS WATER. which will produce a photograph upon a sensitized plate without the aid of light. The letters shown in the accompanying illustration were made by the waters of one of the Arkansas hot springs, acting through a copper stencil on an ordinary photographic plate.

The two plates were placed in a covered bucket and immersed for several hours in the spring. When the bucket was taken out and the plates removed the photographic plate, previously blank, was found to bear the letters of the stencil. Nothing but the presence of radium in the water, the scientists say, could have accomplished this result. Further experiments of a more elaborate nature are now being made at Hot Springs, and bottles of the radio active water have been sent to eastern colleges for examination.

The possibility that the Arkansas hot springs might contain radium was suggested by Sir William Ramsey, the eminent British chemist, who found radium in the waters at Bath, the English health resort. It is believed that the curative properties of the waters both at Bath and at Hot Springs are due to the presence of radium therein.

To Combat Submarine Torpedo Boats

Experiments have been carried out by the British naval authorities with a new method for combating submarine vessels. This device comprises a new type of quick firing torpedo. This missile is less than six inches in diameter and carries a smaller explosive charge than the eighteen inch weapon, while, furthermore, it is not provided with a gyroscope. The new torpedo is fired from an above water tube, and the mechanism is so arranged that the weapon sinks when it has reached its limit of range if the object at which it was discharged is missed.

A New Life Preserver.

Passengers on ocean liners may soon be able to sleep in life preservers if the plans of E. Salvator, a New York inventor, do not go awry, says the American Inventor. Uninflated, the Salvator life belt is a light thing, which would hardly be felt if worn by a sleeper, but when filled with gas it is blown up to the size of an ordinary cork jacket. The belt is made of rubber and is about eight inches wide and can be blown up by means of a small cylinder. In this cylinder is placed a composition of acids which, when acted upon by water, instantly inflates the belt. The belt has been tested in the ocean, and it has been found that the water acts upon the acids and inflates the rubber in less than three seconds. The ingredients in this composition Mr. Salvator keeps secret.

Designed to Secure Greater Safety of Patrons and Employees.

It appears from the report of the Massachusetts board of railway commissioners that the decrease in the number of surface car accidents in the state during the past year was due largely to the adoption of improvements designed to secure greater safety. A writer in the Boston Transcript regards as one of the most important of these improvements the arc headlight, which brilliantly illuminates the track for a long distance in advance, enabling the motorman to avoid collisions. It also becomes an object of such glaring prominence in all the surrounding landscape that no one can be unaware of the approach of the car at night. It is more effective as a prevention of accidents than any warning signal yet devised.

The airbrake is now regarded with such very high favor by progressive street car managers that the time appears to be not far distant when all trolley lines on which cars run at high speed will have airbrakes on all their cars as a means of economy if for no other reason. The cost, large as it is, will be found to be very much less than that of paying damages.

Curiously enough, the motorman's vestibule, which was opposed so strongly by many street car officials when the question of its compulsory adoption was before the Massachusetts legislature some years ago, is now declared by the same officials or their successors to be an important element of protection from accident liability.

A minor but not insignificant safety factor is mentioned by street car superintendents and other officials, consisting of a newly invented bicycle seat for the motorman. They say that he can do his work just as well and be in much better condition for doing it toward the close of a hard day of strain upon the mind and muscles if much of the time he is permitted to occupy this ingeniously contrived seat, which leaves him free and ready for every needed action, except perhaps in emergencies, when he can instantly change to a standing posture.

On all the best managed interurban roads in Massachusetts cars are now run in accordance with orders from the central offices transmitted through telephones. At each turnout on a single track road, if it has up to date equipment, there is a telephone station. Within the past few months very many such telephones have been inclosed in booths. This method is analogous to that in use on all first class steam railroads, where trains are run according to orders telegraphed from headquarters.

Finally the very latest applied invention of an important kind for securing safety is an instrument by means of which the dispatcher at the central office can almost instantly shut off the power all along the line, including every branch line, in case he learns that some one has blundered and that therefore a collision is imminent. So near perfection has the present system of information at and control from the central office been brought that the dispatcher comes very near to knowing where all his cars are throughout the most extensive street railway system at each moment of time.

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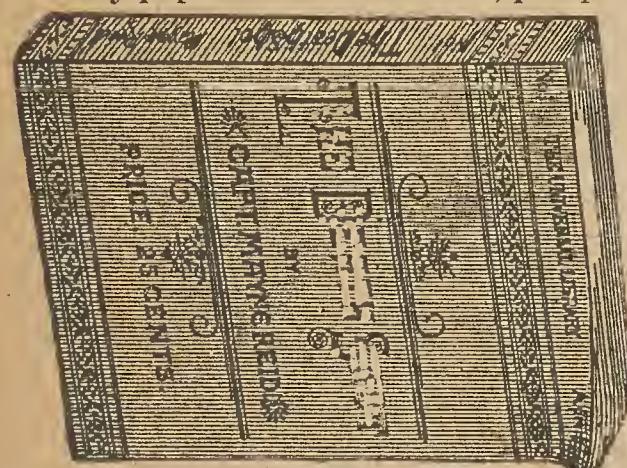
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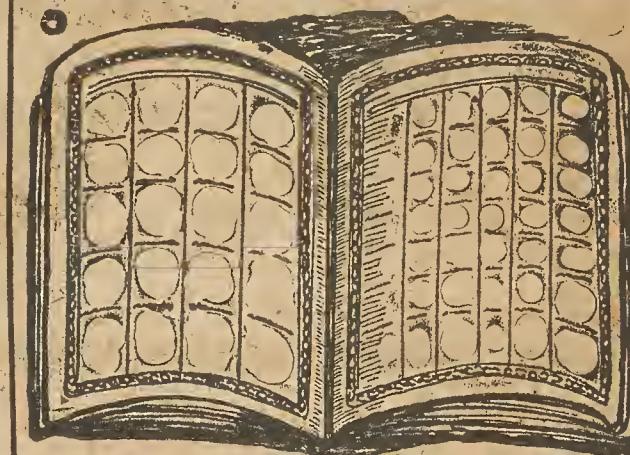


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